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ing them of our best treatment and good gdoods.

Cor Santa Fe and Iron Avenues.

Kansas.



SALINA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1889.

comes a Father-Leaves the Child 2510 Millions-His Mistress

From the Topeka Capital. A woman deserted in the streets of London found a home in a house near the docks. Here she gained a livlihood for berself and her illegitimate' son by workwoman, or any

other menial FLORENCE BLYTHE. duty. The boy grew to manhood, but did not seem to have any inclination or ability to better his and his mother's condition. Day after day he spent his time in hanging around

the docks, watching the ships go and come from foreign parts. The years slopped by and he had reached the age of 25. It seemed that the stain upon his birth and his lowly surroundings had cast a shadow over

land on the eastern coast of the Pa-cific ocean, gold had been dis-covered. The young man who had so long drifted without an effort to better his condition was at last seized with a desire to try his fortune in the new world. He had no means wherewith to purchase a passage, so

village of San Francisco. Here he went to work. He began by raising vegetables, and from this went the rounds as a pettler of fancy goods and notions. At this he succeeded not only in making his living but in laying up a few hundred dollars. He could not keep this money about him safely in the wild country in which he lived, so he loaned it to one who gave him a mortgage on a small piece of ground. When the young Englishman found that his debtor was unable to return his

money, and he was obliged to take the land. He tried to sell it for the amount of the mortgage, but no one could be found to take the property the green Englishman had been the green Englishman had been foolish enough to invest in, and give him back his money. Nevertheless, the young man ploided on, letting his sand lot lie, and still saving his earnings. He did not forget his mother in England, and in two years after landing in California

A man about 50 years of age, caught by her beauty, stands looking at her. As she moves away he follows her. Soon she stops at another window. The man approaches and enters into conversation with her. The girl is coy and endeavors to turn aside the attentions of a man to whom she has not been introduced, but he persists. and at last she consents to meet him week later on a corner in a

The appointment was kept and it was followed by others. The girl at last consented to visit the rooms of her new-found acquaintance in Nottingham row. There a supper was served with champaigne. When

Miss Perry. The man to whom she had yielded was none other than he who nearly a quarter of a century before had left the London docks to seek his fortune among the gold hunters; now no longer vegetable huxter, no longer peddler, but Thos. H. Blythe, California millionaire. His sand lot is in the heart of an immense city, and with other prop-erty sequired afterwards is paying him an enormous reptal. He has come to visit the scenes through

which he passed in poverty.

The illicit intercourse between these two people ended almost as suddenly as it began. Blythe sailed away to the land where his treasures Undertaking were located, leaving the woman to console herself with his promise of marriage. But he left her some-thing else—an important factor in this romance of real life—a little daughter. Florence Blythe was born, and although her father never

> The man who left Miss Perry as his own father had left his mother, soon after his return to America, one day he met Alice Edith Dickerson, the daughter of a man who at one time had been United States marshal for Arizona. Alice did not smile on Mr. Blythe, but married a young San Francisco artist who suswered to the unartistic name of

shoulder before her marriage with Peters. Blythe kindly consented to forgive her, furnished a studio for her rept free in one of his cottages. and after a mutual promise (according to Alice Edith) that they should consider each other man and wife,

Five years pass. Blythe is still living with Alice Edith. One even-ing Blythe, his mistress and one Guturiez were together 1., new and commodious apartments on the Biythe estate. Biythe went to the bath-room to bathe. But he must have left the door sjar, for Death slipped in and clutched the old man, now 60 years old, by the heart with icy fingers. Pale and trembling he staggered back to where the other two were sitting. two were sitting.

A physician was summoned, but before he could reach Hlythe the old man had passed away. Friends came in to take charge of the body. The public administrator went to the public administrator went to the house to put the official seals on the deceased's desks and papers. He met a cold, determined woman, who forbade his entrance. He went away but returned with a police officer and fixed the seals.

officer and fixed the seals.

It was too late, Alice had posessed herself of the dead man's will—a will which left to Florence Blythe the whole of his vast estate, excepting \$300,000. A little girl, now 10 years old, is the heiress to property estimated to be worth from \$2,000,000 to \$7,000,000, but she is in a foreign land and does not know that within a brief half hour she has been posessed and disposessed of this immense fortune.

but there were legal reasons for ex-huming the body; and as soon as it was known that his daughter was IT DESTROYS TWO LIVES AND

owned this noble property was but one among 197 heirs who put in claims. She was without even suffi-cient proof that she was Blythe's daughter. The case came up in court. The judges sat and reviewed the testimory; the lawyers ha-

disputing with innumerable Blythes. The Frain of anticipation, hope, despair, conflict, the guawing of

briate asylum. At last came a crushing blow. A decision was rendered which ruined her case. Alice learned that whoever juher

ited this estate it could not be hers. Should she let it go to the vast army of Blythes. In a twinkling she could produce the will and turn the whole property over to Florence. But this would involve a confession of her guilt. She hated the Blythes, while she had no real antipathy to the child she had wronged. Between these emotions she made her decis-

State Attorney General Hart re-ceived a message from the pretended widow. She is living at Los Ange-los, and there Mr. Hart went and found her. To bim she confessed her guilt, and in a moment Florence succeeded to her property. Alice gave Mr. Hart a copy of the will and

veloped during his visit at Los Au-gelos. Mr. Hart discovered y ung woman, a Miss McLellan who used to teach Florence in Northendon, England. This link beyond question established the fact that she was the daughter of

out of wedlock, who never saw her father in life, whose childhood has been spent largely in fighting an almost hopeless claim, is now one of the richest women in America.

than usually bright and smart, was especially dear to hearts of his

and play with a knot of his chums The answer was given that he could do so, but must not go near the river, the Monongahela, which wa lose by.
Within a few minutes of the boys departure, one of the women was struck with the white, compressed appearance of of Mrs. Williams' lips and a strange look in her face of

gathering concern and bewilder-ment. She asked if anything was the matter, when Mrs. Williams raised her hand as if to brush something from her face, at the same time saying: "I don't know what ails me

There seems to be a cloud I can't see through all around The next instant she threw up oth arms and screamed

One of the women said: "Oh, no don't say that; it can't be. He has only just gone."
With a quick motion the mother clasped both hands to her side and

moaned:
"I tell you he is drowned. He caught his two little hands here and begged me to save him out of the river!" then fell back in a dead

She was borne within her dwelling and laid on a bed, and restoratives applied until she recovered, her face deathly white and drawn into deep lines of agony. When again sought to be cheered by assurances that she must be laboring under a grievous mistake, as the boy had not been away long enough to be drowned, the mother persisted in a voice of

"My poor boy is drowned! I can feel his hands clasping me here, as he begged his mother to save him. Take my clothing down and look." She was stripped to the waist, and to the astonishment and speechless awe of the attendant women, the marks of ten little fingers five on

joyment of vigorous life drowned as his mother had cried. In jumping into the water the poor little fellow had struck his body on the end of i sunken pile and sank to his death. Strangest of all, the livid marks of his fingers imprinted on the waist of his mother are still visible after i lapse of two years, and were seen only a few days ago by a lady friend of mine in Cleveland, when Mrs. Wilinms paid a visit to a married daugh ter residing near by. The marks are so plain that any beholder would be impressed with the thought that they had been caused by the actual grasp of living hands at a moment of intense and dire extremity. I leave all comment to others. all comment to others.

THE KARSAS PEN.

There are now 878 prisoners confined in the state penitentiary, of whom 685 are whites, 172 negroes, 10 Indians and one Mexican. Fifteen are females. Forty-ei, ht of the prisoners are United States civil or military prisoners as that only the prisoners are United States civil or military prisoners, so that only 80 were convicted in our state courts. Labette county has 44 convicts in the penitentiary; Wyandotte 41. Shawnee, 39, Sedgwick, 33, Leavenworth, 32, Hourbon and Montgomery 30 each. All the other counties are represented by from 1 to 25. The per cent of prison population is now about 1 to 2,100 of the total of population.

HUSBAND.

"It was a brilliant scene," began De Montoron, "despite its sadness, that cemetery full of officers. It had positively the air of a flowered field, with its kepis and red breeches, the stripes and the gold buttons, the sabers and shoulder knots of the etats majors, the gimps and braids of the chasseurs and hussars passing and posing in the midst of the tombs, whose white or black arms of iron, wood or marble spread protectingly above the peaceful dead.

"Yes, a very brilliant though sorrowful scene, for they were burying the wife of their chief officer, M. le General de Limousion, who had been drowned just two days before this "It was a brilliant scene," began

drowned just two days before this while taking her daily bath. Well, it was ended now. The clergy had finished their sad duties and taken finished their and duties and taken their departure, but the escort of soldiers and the general himself, supported by two officers, remained erect beside that hole, at the botton of which he still seemed to see the box of wood that held, already decomposing, the body of his young and beloved wife.

"He was nearly an old man, this

"He was nearly an old man, this General de Limousion—a tall man, thin, angular, with white mustache, who had married some three years before this date the daughter of a comrade, left an orphan by the death of her father, the Colonel Sortis. And when the captain and the lieutenant, upon whom their chief leaned, would have drawn him from that sad contemplation, resisted them, his eyes full of tears that he strove in vain to repress, and he murmured low and brokenly:
"'Not yet, my friends, not yet—a little longer!'
"And he continued to stand there,

his legs bending beneath him at the edge of that ditch which seemed to him, without a bottom, like a hideous abyss into which had fallen his heart and life and all that remained to him of happiness or hope. The shades of night had begun to fall when last he yielded to persua-sion and returned to his desolate

"When General de Limousion, on his return from the cemetery, opened the door of his silent dwelling and entered for the first time since his wife's death his private office, he saw before him, lying upon his work-table, an unopened letter. A woman's letter evidently, and it fell from his hand again in his agitated surprise as his eyes rested upon the inscription. "It was a letter addressed to him

the writing was that of his dead wife; the envelope bore the stamp of the daily post and the date of the same day. He tore it open and read This, said De Montoron, paus-

ing for a moment as if to collect his thoughts, 'is the exact text of that

when you receive this letter I shall be no more; I shall be dead, and more than that, under the earth. Knowing this, perhaps you will be able to forgive me, though I do not tell you this to move you or to extenuate my fault. I simply desire to lay before you, for a reason that I shall tell you later, and with all the sincerity of a woman who in one hour's time is going to kill herself, the complete truth.

"When you married me through generosity I gave myself to you through gratitude. I loved you, but with the heart of a child, a pure heart and a pure love, the love which I would have loved a father and which, in truth, one day when sat beside you I involuntarily called you. It was a cry from the heart, instinctive, spontaneous, and you laughed and told me to continue to call you 'father;' that you liked it.
" It was not long after this that

we came to this city, and that I— pardon me again, my husbaud, for it is only the truth that I must tell you -that i, I say, knew what it was to really love. How hard and how really love. long, for nearly two whole years I struggled against it before I yielded. before I admitted this love of mine and before the alternative and the noment arrived that showed me that-I must kill myself. " 'To kill myself?

my own life, for no other way is left to me. You will see it, you will realize it, when you hear the story.
"As for the name of the man loved and love, you must not, and you will not ever know it. I am very tranquil about this, and very certain of it, for the reason that there was always a crowd of officers about me that I kept about me purposely, and whom you carelessly called my constellation. Do not even seek to know his name; what use would it be to you now? And do not hate him; he loved me as i loved him, with all the heart, and it is why I kill myself rather than-

but stay—listen to the details.
"One day, then, six months, perhaps, from the moment when I acknowledged my love for him I gave him a rendezvous on the Isle des Becasses, the little island—you remember it well-at the side of the mill, where I daily went to take my bath, and where he was to await me hidden in the bushes, and to remain there until evening that none should see him with me or see him go. I was there at the appointed time; he joined me, and just at that moment the branches parted and Philippe, your orderly, stood before us. He had followed and he had surprised

"'Believing that we were lost cried aloud, and would have thrown myself then and there into the water, but my lover quieted me, told me to go on and bathe as usual and leave him to deal with this man. I obeyed. What else could I do but as he told me? Then I returned to the house to you, and there I waited, for I

knew not what, but surely some-thing frightful.

"Nothing, however, occurred. Everything was tranquil as before, and an hour ister Philippe stood be-fore me with a respectful bow and "'I am at the orders of madam

a letter—

"A letter? I comprehended instantly. Philippe had been for sale, and my lover, for my sake, had purchased him. Ah, well, it was the same old story and lasted perhaps for three months or more. We had confidence in Philippe and forgot the fact that he had once sold himself. You, too, had confidence in Philippe. Now you see how he repaid it!

agree to his demands and accept him as a lover. Accept him—that him as a lover. Accept him-that wretched trickster and liar-as my

have killed him perhaps you would have killed me. I repeat it, I tem-porized, and pleaded for a day to think.

assistance, also a scandal, also have availed Philippe nothing. Philippe yielded, as at the end of that day he believed he would make me yield, and I—returned to the house to prepare to die.

ly weak when once they love, and when once they have lost their head, as I had lost mine. I saw and see but one thing clearly—life must be given for a fault committed, and it is the only way to make him safe-again the man I love!

Philippe will do nothing till sure that nothing can be done with me. at all.

"Yes, I have arranged everything will look upon it as an accident; all shame will be averted, Philippe will shame will be averted, runippe will be punished. I delivered, my loyer saved, and you, too, saved from per-haps a crime, and surely from all chance of scandal. I dare not live, but for this I dare to die.

"When this, my letter to you, is done and placed where it will be mailed to reach you only when all is over, I go to my bath, from which, this time I shall not return. Adien, my husband, adieu, and pardon me; I can do no more to lesson the pain that I know my death will be to you, than—to tell you the truth.

"For a moment General de Limoudon remained as if turned to stone his face set like a mask of iron, the sweat standing in beads upon his brow. Surely he was mad? Surely he had dreamed the words upon the sheet before him? It could not be Bertha, his dead wife, whom an hour before he had laid to rest, who wrote him thus?

there before him, its meaning un-mistakable, and all at once his nerve returned to him, the iron nerve of his days of battle. He turned about, arranged something in a drawer beside him and sharply

The steer steer landing in California went back and brought her to his went back and brought her to his new home.

Having purchased the corner Drug Store we stands looking into a brightly all be pleased to meet all our old friends, assur
A young girl, 3) years of age, stands looking into a brightly lighted shop window in London. A man about 50 years of age, caught.

A man about 50 years of age, and the richest women in America.

PREMONITION OF DEATH.

A North Dover O corresponent of the Religio-Philosophical Journal of th thing hidden in the drawer; but his voice, when presently he raised it to peak, was firm, calm, without heat

"'Philippe', said he, every syllable distinct and clear, and ominously mave to one who knew his way,

"'I-M. le General-Madame's-' "Philippe stopped—the words or the lie died in his throat. The gen-eral's hand had suddenly risen from the drawer, in its grasp the shining barrel of a revolver.
"Come Philippe,' he resumed.

mered Philippe, 'the name it is—it is Captain Second of M. le General's

own staff. "'Alberic Second! tres bien, Philippe; and now learn you one thing, that he who breaks invariably

"As the general spoke his hand moved higher, a flame burned in his yes, a shot parted, and Philippe, a

Philippe would still have paid—in any event. The mere accident of an rregular mail, which had brought the husband his letter ahead of time, That Second, as the result of that same accident lost his life also; that General de Limousion committed two crimes instead of one, and was punished for neither, and that Mme. de Dimousion had planned in vain and yielded up her life in vain—well, without such little happenings the drama which I have here recited to you with faithful truth would have

"But as they always happen, my friends, these little accidents, as they always have and always will continue to happen, I say again drams is not dead, and will not die so long as human passions live."— Scanslated for the Cincinnati In-quirer from the French by E. C.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS. The value of imports of merchau-dise during the last fiscal year amounted to \$745,127,476 and of ex-

ports to \$742,401,799, an excess of imports over exports of \$2,725,677. Of our exports the value of domesticmerchandise was \$730,22,698, and the value of foreign merchandise \$12,119,193. The exports and imports of gold and silver during the last fiscal year were as follows: Exports, \$88,641,531; imports, \$28,903,-073, an excess of exports over imports of \$67,678,460. The excess of imports over exports of specie during the fiscal years of the excess of imports over exports of specie during the fiscal years.

imports over exports of specie during the fiscal year 1888 was \$12,923,-983, and during the fiscal year 1887 \$24,573,101. The exports of gold during the last fiscal year were the largest since 1864, and amounted to \$59,862,285. The imports of gold amounted to only \$10,284,858; an excess of exports over imports of \$49,657,427. This excess of exports over imports of gold occurred mainly in May and June last, amounting during these months to \$30,000,000. There has been a considerable decline in the volume of immigration into the United States during the last fiscal year, the number arriving being \$38,814, as against \$539,815 during the fiscal year 1888, a decrease of 101,201.

We desite to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Lif. Pills, Buckieu's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well or that have given such universa satisfaction. We do not hesitate I guarantee them every time, and wistand ready to refund the parchiaprice, if satisfactory results do no follow their use. These remedia

Henry Saylor, who was killed last month in Covington, Ky., in a quarrel with Antonio Finch, was once a reporter on the Cincinnati Commercial. In the year 1859 a vacant dwelling on Vine street, in Cincinnati, became the center of a local exnati, became the center of a local excitement because of the strange sights and sounds said to be observed in it nightly. According to the testimony of many reputable residents of the vicinity, these were inconsistent with any other hypothesis than that the house was haunted. Figures with something singularly unfamiliar and uncanny about them were seen by crowds on the sidewalk to pass in and out. No one could say just where they appeared upon their open lawn on their way to the front door by which they entered, nor at exactly what point they vanished as they came out; or, rather, while each spectator was positive enough about these matters, no two agreed. They were all similarly at variance in their descriptions of the figures themselves.

HIS WEIRD ASSIGNMENT

STRANGE SCENER WITNESSED BY A CINCINNATI BEPORTER.

ses a Frightful Night in a Haunt-House-Entering Its Portal Young Man, He Emerges an

figures themselves.
Some of the bolder of the curious throng ventured on several evenings to stand upon the doorsteps to intercept the ghostly visitors or get a nearer look at them. These courageons men, it was said, were unable to force the door by their united strength, and invariably were hurled from the steps by some invisible agency and severely injured, the door immediately opening, appar-ently of its own motion, to admit or free some ghostly guest. The dwelling was known as the Roscoe house,

a family of that name having lived there for some years, and then, one by one, disappeared, the last to leave being an old woman. Stories of foul play and successive murders had always been rife, but never authenti-One day during the prevalence of the excitement Saylor presented himself at the office of the Cantacr-cial for orders. He was handed a note from the city editor which read as follows: "Go and pass the night alone in the hausted house on Vine

street and make two columns if any-thing occurs worth while." Saylor obeyed his superior; he could not af-ford to lose his position on the pa-Apprising the police of his inten-tion, he effected an entrance through a rear window before dark, walked through the deserted rooms, bare of

furniture, dusty and desolate, and, with feelings which it is perhaps needless to describe, seated himself at last in the parlor on an offt sofa which he had dragged in from another room, and watched the deepening of gloom as night came on. Before it was altogether dark the curious crowd had collected in the street, silent, as a rule, and expect-ant, with here and there a scoffer uttering his incredulity and courage

with scornful remarks and ribald eries. None knew of the anxious watcher inside. He feared to make a light; the uncurtained windows would have betrayed his presence, subjecting him to insult, possibly to injury. Moreover, he was too con-scientious to do anything to enfeeble his impressions and unwilling to al-ter any of the customary conditions under which the manifestations were said to occur.

It was now quite dark, but the lights from the street faintly illumi-nated a part of the room that he was in. He had set open every door in the whole interior, above and below, but all the outer ones were locked and boited. Sudden exclamations from the crowd caused him to spring to a widdow and le the figure of a man moving rapidly across the lawn toward the building -saw it ascend the steps; then a rojection of the wall concealed it. There was a noise as of the opening and closing of the hall door; he heard quick, heavy footsteps along the passage—heard them ascend the stairs—heard them on the uncarpet-ed floor of the chamber immediately overhead. Saylor drew his pistol and groped his way up the stairs, en-tered the chamber, dimly lighted from the street. There was no one there. He heard footsteps in an adjoining room and entered that. It

He struck his foot against some ob-ject on the floor, knell by it and passed his hand over it. It was a human head—that of a woman. Lifting it by the hair, this iron-nerved man returned to the half-lighted room below, carried it to near the window and attentively examined it. While so engaged he was half con-scious of the rapid opening and clos-ing of the outer door, of footfalls sounding all about him. He raised his eyes from the ghastly object of his attention and saw himself the center of a crowd of men and women dimly seen; the room was thronged with them. He thought the people had broken in.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said,

coolly, "you see me under suspicious circumstances, but—" His voice was drowned in peals of laughter— such laughter as is beard in asylums for the insane. The people about him pointed at the object in his hand, and their merriment increased as he dropped it and it went rolling among their feet. They danced about it with gestures grotesque, and attitudes obscene and indescribable. They struck it with their feet, urging it about the room from wall to wall; pushed and overthrew one an-other in their struggles to kick it; cursed and serenaded and sang snatches of ribaid songs as the bat-tered head bounded about the room as if in terror and trying to escape At last it shot out of the door into the hall, followed by them all with tumultuous haste. That moment the door closed with a sharp concussion. Mr. Saylor was alone, in dead silence Camiy replacing his pistol, which all the time he had held in his hand, he went to the windows and looked out. The street was deserted and silent: the lamps were extinguished; the roofs and chimneys of the houses were sharply outlined sgainst the dawn light in-the east. He left the house, the door yielding easily to his hand, and walked to the Commercial ffice. The city editor was still in his office—asteep. Saylor was still in his office—asteep. Saylor wasked him and said quietly, "I passed the night in the haunted house." The editor stared blankly, as if not wholly awake. "Good God!" he said, "are you Saylor?" "Yes—ahy not?" The editor made no answer; the reporter's face was seamed with lines like those of age; his hair and beard was snow white. "They say that

things were uncommonly quiet out there last night," said the editor, trifling with a paper-weight, upon which he kept his eyes. "Did any-thing occur?" "Nothing what-eyer." ever. Harrest Exerction - Low Rates

The Santa Fe Route will sell, on August 6 and 20, September 10 and 24, and October 8, 1889, round-trip excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates about one fare for the round trip from Salina to all points in raies—about one fare for the round trip from Salina to all points in Kansas west of a line drawn through Albert station, (Barton county), Larned, (Pawnee county), Mackeville, (Stafford county), and Springvale, (Pratt county), and to all points in the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas, Panhandle of Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho and Montana. Tickets are good for thirty days from date of sale, with stop-overs allowed at pleasure on return trip. Parties desiring to make a thirty days' trip to any of the western mountain resorts, including Las Vegas, Hot Springs, Colorado, Cascade Canon, Manitou, Green Mountain Falls, etc., can save money by taking advantage of the low rates on the Harvest Excursion dates. For ticket rates and other information, call on G. H. Anthony, Agent A. T. & S. F. R. R., or ad-

## VOL. XIX.

Salina

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MR. BLYTHE'S MILLIONS. BIS DAGHTER WILL NOW GET THE

A Worthless Landoner Becomes a Califor nia Millionaire-Revisits London-Be Steals the Will.

his whole life.
There came news that in a far-off

Shipping in the clipper Antelope, after sailing around the Horn, he found himself one day in August, 1849, in what was then the mining

the girl left her companion that night he had promised to marry ber and had given her a wedding ring as a token.

The girl who had thus yielded was

saw her he did not forget her exist-

Peters. She did not live happily with her husband, and after two years of married life obtained a divorce.
Alice Edith, being posessed artistic tastes, then conceived a plan to make a living by setting up a studio in San Francisco, There she met her old lover, Mr. Blythe, on whom she had turned a cold

he went to live with her in the apartments he had provided.

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was known that his daughter was coming it was taken up, and Florence looked upon the body of the father she had never seen in life.

There came a swarm of claimants for the Blythe millions. There were Blythes in Wales, relatives of the dead man's mother. There were gypsy Blythes; Blythes in Kentucky. Indeed, there were more Blythes than there were descendants of Washington during the late centennial. The little girl who really owned this noble property was but WRECKS THAT OF HER

the testimory; the lawyers harangued; five years were consumed
in what seemed to be a case of Jarndice vs. Jarndice, and it looked as if
little Florence, like the claimant in
that celebrated case, would at last
find that the property had all gone
to pay costs and lawyers' fees.

Alice Edith lived a life in which
there was a terrible tension. Hiding
the will, that would put the property
in the hands of the rightful owner,
disputing with innumerable Blythes.

conscience, were too much for her to bear unaided. She endeavored to distain it with dissipation. She became a sot. She had once been a wife. Then she became a mistress, then a would-be thief, and at last found a home in an ine-

One evening very recently Ex showed him the original.

Another important factor was de

Thomas Blythe.

And so it is that the child born

were residing in Pittsburg. The youngest child, a boy of 8, more parents. One afternoon about this period, as Mrs. Williams was seated in the shade of the rear yard of her dwelling with a few of her female acquaintances, the boy came bound-ing forward to ask if he could go off

"Oh,my God!my boy is drowning!

each side—were distinctly visible on the skin in dark purple streaks, just as would have been had the boy in his death struggle caught hold of his mother to save himself. Just then some men came into the house bearing the dead boy, only fif-teen minutes before in the full en-

"The service be rendered us went on as I tell you some three months longer, then one morning on that same island, when I had gone as usual to my bath, this time, however, alone, I found your orderly before me. Your orderly, yes, but no longer the obedient, respectful soldier, the confidential measurager, the trusty agent of an illegal love. Philippe was arrogant, insolent, domineering, threatening; he had come to await me; he meant to denounce me; he had letters of mine that he had relained in his possession, letters also

From the San Francisco Examiner.

wretched trickster and liar—as my lover? A death of torture, the actual breaking of my bones on the rack were preferable to that?

"I begged, I threatened, and then—I temporized. I was a coward, you see. I was afraid of Philippe, afraid of you, so good and kind, and deceived by me, but still more afraid for him, the one I loved. You would have killed him, prepare you would

'One scream would have brought

Women are always weak, doub-"In temporizing, as I told you, I am myself safe for this one day.

One short day! But enough! At the end of it I shall be dead, and Philippe will have gained nothing by either my life or death, for I shall have spoken first to you, my hus band, and to him, my lover, to whom I have also written fully, and who will see that Philippe does not speak well-the way to die, too. The world

"But the letter-the letter was

"Send Philippe to me," said he to the servant who came to answer it.

Philippe you are going to tell me the name of my wife's lover.'

still as gently as if coaxing a child, come, the name, please, and quick about it. I am not a very patient man, as well you know.' "The name, M. le General, stam-

pays. As for Captain Second, an, the Captain Second will pay-after

ball in his brain, fell at his master's "And the captain?" "The captain," said Monteron, concluding his story, "the captain did pay as Philippe had paid and as had only as far as Philippe was con-cerned, changed his executioner.

seen no drama at all.

Crippen, Lawrence "The service be rendered us went ODD FELLOWS' BLOCK. MONEY TO LOAN